

Poetry.

The Life of Love.

By ESTHER L. CAMP.

Oh, love so long as thou canst love—
So long, O love, as life may last;
The hour will come, the hour will come
When o'er the grave thou'lt mourn the past.

And take thou heed that thy heart glow,
That thy love flourish and endure
So long as other faithful heart
To it respond both warm and sure.

And he who o'er his heart to thee,
Oh, love him for love's sake alone!
Make bright for him each dark one hour
And cause him not a bitter groan.

Guard well thy lip. How sharp the blow
On loving heart by careless word!
God knows it was not meant to wound,
Yet twilights hours sad moans have heard.

Then kneel thou lowly at his tomb
And hide thy sad wet eyes. Alas!

Thy dear one never moves from out
The long, damp churchyard grass.

Then cry: "Oh, dear one, look on me,
Who here at thy low grave do wail;

Forgive the pang I caused thee, dear.

Oh, God! that woe could wound so deep!"

Sighless he lies; he hears thee not.
He comes not at thy voice of woe.

The lips which thou so oft hast kissed
Say not "Forgotten long ago."

He did forgive thee long ago,
But down his face the hot tears rained
For thee and for thy harsh word's sake.

Yet, husband, be rest—the goal attained.
Oh, love so long as thou canst love—
So long, O love, as life may last;
The hour will come, the hour will come
When o'er the grave thou'lt mourn the past.

Call Me Anything But Old.

Years, perhaps, are creeping on me,
Years that mark me for their own;

Friends of former days desert me,

Leave me more and more alone.

Still I fear not all their lessons,

Time is more than gold;

Only this I plead, in my voice,

Call me anything but old.

Call me fool, or rake, or swindler,

Say I'm known to deathless shame,

Say I've sold my dearest friendships,

Won a dark and blighted name,

Point your finger slowly at me,

Tell my crimes, and I'll be bold,

Never will you see me flinching,

So you do not call me old.

Scandals are but worldly water,

Rolling from one's back away,

Taunts and fibs, if boldly laughed at,

Lesser grow from day to day;

But there is one tried invective

Against which no shield is gold—

Man is helpless, humble, cowering,

If you only call him old.

Therefore, when you see I'm youthful,

Blithe and pleasant to my ways,

Life enjoy as well as ever,

Dwell with glee on other days;

Strike me down with sword or bludgeon,

Blast with heat, or chill with cold,

Beast abuse in tempests on me,

Call me anything but old.

Selected Tale.

THE GOLD NECKLACE.

"Do you think it pretty? It is very old, and so odd. My grandmother wore it in her girlhood; it afterward became my mother's, and I have treasured it for the sake of its associations."

Dr. Raymond took the shining ornament from Miss Stratton's hand to admire its quaint workmanship. It was a circlet of gold, twisted in a fanciful shape, from which depended a tiny cross, this latter holding a tiny

ring.

However the doctor may have admired the pretty bauble in question, it was patent that his admiration for the wearer was still greater. Nor did this reflect discredit upon his taste, for the dark, piquant face, lit by great Oriental eyes and framed in feathery curls of night-black hair; the ripe lips, redder than autumn berries, and the rounded cheek, which held a color like the red heart of a damask rose, would have elicited admiration from any man in the full possession of his senses.

Up to this time Dr. Raymond had never been in love—a somewhat singular fact, for he was past 30, physician of good repute and the possessor of a fair share of this world's goods, and without a very handsome man.

Whether or not he loved Georgina Stratton the Doctor himself was barely able to decide. Certainly it was that he was interested—nay, more, fascinated. In truth a proposal had been trembling on his tongue for weeks, nothing preventing its utterance save the unaccountable cowardice he felt in the fair one's presence.

He had resolved to learn his fate from the girl's lips upon this very afternoon, and with this very object in view he proposed a ride to Union Grove.

Yet still he sat, awkwardly twisting Miss Georgina's necklace about his fingers and pouring forth a torrent of small talk, cursing himself mentally the while for his stupidity.

"Ah, doctor," said Georgina, roguishly, "I fear you have quite forgotten our projected ride. I have not, however, and must beg you to excuse me while I prepare."

The Doctor colored, bowed assent, and the lady glided gracefully from the room.

He was not quite alone, for away by a distant window a young girl sat, half buried in fleecy clouds of muslin, on which she was busily engaged. Dr. Raymond was a frequent and unceremonious visitor at the home of the Strattons, dropping in upon Miss Georgina while at her music, her sewing, at any time, and with all sorts of pretexts.

He had seen the sewing girl before, but until he had scarcely noticed her. Unconsciously his gaze had become fixed upon the slight, drooping figure, the beautifully rounded head, with its shining bands of nut-brown hair, and the fair, delicate profile. A broad embankment had fallen in at the window, and glided down on the shining hair, until it changed from brown to warm gold, and lighting upon the girl's face until it became strangely soft and spiritual. Just then the lifted her soft, hazel eyes and met Dr. Raymond's gaze.

A vivacious blushing stained the whiteness of her cheek, and he, conscious of rudeness, withdrew his eyes and began to toy nervously with Georgina's necklace. The husband and father had been a well-to-do farmer in one of our New England States, but, meeting with heavy losses, was at last compelled to mortgage his farm. Falling a victim to ill health, he was unable to meet the demands of his creditors, his property was seized, and with his few remaining hundreds he had emigrated West, hoping to retrieve his health and provide a comfortable home for his dear ones. This, alas! was a fatal delusion, for in three weeks after his arrival he fell the victim of a brief illness. The daughter had been carefully educated, but there was no opening in that vicinity for teachers, especially one so poor and unprepossessing. Sewing was the only alternative. A situation was obtained with Mrs. Stratton and the reader knows the sequel.

Edith May sat in a great arm chair in the little sitting-room. An interesting convalescent she was undoubtedly, for Dr. Raymond found it necessary to continue his daily visit, though his prescriptions had long since been dispensed with. But, then, she looked so exquisitely lovely in her neat, white wrapper—the pink bloom fluttering back into the creamy cheeks, her soft hair unbound and flowing of its own sweet will in rippling curls.

Upon this afternoon the doctor had drawn his chair close to that of the invalid, and gathered the thin, fluttering hand in his—which right he claimed, no doubt, by virtue of his office as medical adviser. And Edith, poor little Edith, was growing rosier than the most exuberant health would warrant. Alas, for man's fickleness. Dr. Raymond, the whilom admirer of the belle and beauty, Georgina Stratton, had been pouring into the sick girl's ear the impassioned love-words he had never found courage to say to the lady of fashion. Perhaps it was because the little trembler at his side was less imposing that he pleaded his cause so bravely.

"Say you will be my wife, Edith, my darling!" he whispered.

Perhaps the roses glowed still brighter in her cheeks; perhaps the small hand imprisoned in the doctor's palm trembled more violently; perhaps her voice shook and faltered—still the answer was decided:

"Not so! Dr. Raymond, I cannot become your wife."

"No, Edith? You do not love me, then? I have been mistaken!"

He had risen from his seat, and there was a perceptible quiver about the firm lips. But the honest blue eyes looked straight into hers.

"Oh, Edith! my darling! my darling! do not tell me that—anything but!"

"I discharged the girl yesterday," Miss Stratton said, in reply to the doctor's inquiry. "You remember the gold necklace you were admiring when last here? I did not replace it, but left it lying on the table. The girl was entirely alone in my absence and had gone when I returned. The necklace was not to be found, though a thorough search was made."

"This Miss May is a stranger, but her manner pleased me at first, and I employed her. Indeed, had circumstances been less dark I would not have believed her guilty of the theft. I told her my suspicions when she returned to work, promising that if the retribution was made the master should go no further. She colored, then turned pale and finally burst into tears. Her manner corroborated my surmises, though she strenuously denied the theft."

Dr. Raymond looked shocked.

"I think there must be some mistake in this matter," he said. "I never saw a face which impressed me more strongly in its possessor's innocence. Indeed, Miss Georgina—"

"Indeed, Dr. Raymond," repeated the young lady, with a smile, though an angry glance from her eyes made the doctor quail a little, "you are very enthusiastic in the praise of my quondam seamstress. But surely your good sense should teach you that young people should not always be judged by their outward seeming. The girl appeared innocent—timidity was probably assumed."

Thus the conversation dropped, and again after an hour's chat, Dr. Raymond returned to his home without having breathed a thought of the tender passion in Georgina's ear. And if the truth must be told, his thoughts were somewhat disturbed by the pale little seamstress, in whose innocence he firmly believed.

A boy was waiting for him at the office. A young lady was dangerously ill; would the doctor come immediately with him? They were poor, the boy said; there was only the widow and her daughter; but the doctor need not fear for his fees.

Patients were somewhat of a rarity in that healthful Western village.

It was a new brown cottage, in the outskirts of the town, which the boy had indicated as the place, before which Dr. Raymond paused. A pale, sad-looking lady ushered him into the tiniest, cleanliest and plainest of rooms he had ever seen, but the flowing vines outside the window, the geranium and heliotrope within; the bouquets of freshly cut flowers upon the table, and the few choice flowers upon hanging shelves, did not escape his eyes as he listened to the mother's account of her daughter's illness.

"She had never been strong. Of late she had been overworked from necessity, and mental troubles and anxiety had brought upon her this illness."

The doctor could hardly avoid an exclamation of surprise when he recognized in the sick girl the seamstress whose misfortune had so interested him. He took the little white hand in his, holding it longer than might seem necessary. But the girl looked so pretty with the fever flushed staining the whiteness of her cheeks, and her brown eyes lit with the fever

sparkle, that the doctor was not so culpable after all. His pity for her increased as his indignation rose against Miss Stratton.

Day after day found him at Edith May's bedside, and he grew daily more interested in his gentle patient. The mother he discovered to be lady-like refined, even. As his acquaintance progressed he learned her simple history.

The husband and father had been a well-to-do farmer in one of our New England States, but, meeting with heavy losses, was at last compelled to mortgage his farm. Falling a victim to ill health, he was unable to meet the demands of his creditors, his property was seized, and with his few remaining hundreds he had emigrated West, hoping to retrieve his health and provide a comfortable home for his dear ones.

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J. J. Burdick's CARRIAGES
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You want to get a carriage at a LOW PRICE for CASH, as we have more carriages than money, and want money very much to pay our friends who have waited very kindly for their STUFF DUE THEM. I have on hand and want to sell the following:

Six-seat Depot Carriage, with top and pole.

Second-hand Carriall, blue cloth lining, in very good order.

Very nice Carriall, panel doors, splendid carriage.

Nice Coupe Carriall, made by Wood Brothers—nice carriage.

Drop-bottom, Extension-top, three springs, new Carriall.

Six-seat Extension-top Carriall, side-bar springs, new.

Second-hand phaeton-top Buggies.

Nice second-hand phaeton-top Buggy, but little used.

Open Buggy, side-bar, wide track, leather lined, new.

Dog-cart.

New two-seat Democratic Wagon.

New four-seat " "

New phaeton-top Buggy, very nice carriage.

Rubber-seat Phaeton, second hand.

Extension, straw-panel, phaeton-top Buggy.

Phaeton-top new Buggies, various styles.

New white Chappell-top Buggies.

Second-hand Giddard top Buggy, good order.

Second-hand, light, open, side-bar Road Wagon.

White, Chappell, side-bar, top huggy, very nice.

Second-hand, box-top Buggy.

Pony-wagon, seats four persons.

High Dog-cart, no back seat.

Village-cart.

English or Village-carts.

Second-hand, white, Chappell, rubber-top Buggy.

Second-hand, single, canopy-top Phaeton.

Open, two-seat Wagon.

Second-hand, extension-top Carry-all.

Second-hand Carryall, a good family carriage.

Second-hand Beach-wagon with top.

Second-hand phaeton-top Buggy, very roomy.

Second-hand Express-wagons in good order, newly painted.

Second-hand Express-wagons cheap.

Large, deep, Furniture-wagon.

Brownell Carryall, second-hand.

Canopy-top Park Phaeton.

Coach wagon, or would do for fish-cart, two wheels.

Four-seat, canopy-top, straw Phaetons, cheap.

White, Chappell, cross-spring, top Buggy.

Two-seat, second-hand, open Buggy.

Old Carryall, cheap.

Second-hand, jump-seat Carryall, very good order.

Open-wagon, high wheels.

Second-hand 6 seat Rockaway, with pole.

Second-hand English Landau.

Male Park Phaeton for two or four hours.

Extra good Express wagon, with seats for 9 persons, and cushions.

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"Royal" the only Baking Powder free from Lime and Absolutely Pure.

Lime is the serious defect found in most of the cream of tartar baking powders. As a matter of fact, chemical analysis has found it in all such powders except the "Royal." Its presence is caused by the use of adulterated cream of tartar in the effort to reduce their cost of production.

Lime adds to the weight, while it detracts from the strength of the baking powder. It also renders the food less wholesome, giving rise to dyspepsia and kindred ailments. Baking powders containing lime produce less leavening gas, and therefore in use are more expensive than a first-class, pure article.

The Royal Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar that is first specially refined and made chemically pure. No tartrate of lime or other impurity can find its way into the "Royal," and to this fact its great superiority in strength, wholesomeness, and keeping quality is due.

All this adds greatly to the cost of manufacturing the Royal Baking Powder, but as all its ingredients are selected and prepared with the same precise care and regardless of labor or expense, an article is produced that is free from every extraneous substance—"absolutely pure." Nor does it contain any ingredients except those necessary to make a pure, wholesome, and perfect baking powder.

Professor McMurtrie, late chemist in chief to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, after analyzing the various baking powders of the market, testifies to the absolute purity of that used in the Royal Baking Powder as follows:

"I have examined the cream of tartar manufactured by the New York Tartar Company and used by the Royal Baking Powder Company in the manufacture of their baking powder, and find it to be perfectly pure, and free from lime in any form."

"WM. MCMURTRIE, E.M., Ph.D.,

"Chemist in Chief, U. S. Dep't of Agriculture."



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NEWPORT COUNTY NEWS.

BLOCK ISLAND.

HON. GEORGE M. WRIGHT.

Half a century ago, or thereabouts, four young men who were intimate personal friends, were living on Block Island. The eldest of these, Simon Day Sands, a liberal descendant of James Sands, one of the first settlers, and a man who has an honorable record both in public and private life, still resides here respected by the entire community.

Another, Hon. John G. Sheffield, who still resides here, for many years represented the town in the General Assembly and has been in public life in some capacity, most of the time for more than forty years. Mr. Sheffield has been a successful farmer and business man, and was one of the contractors on the breakwater here in 1872.

Still another of these four friends, Hon. Wm. P. Sheffield of Newport, has been too long in public life and is too well known to necessitate any extended remarks here. The fourth, Hon. George M. Wright, late State Treasurer of New Jersey, has recently passed away. He was a son of Wm. S. Wright, Esq., a native of the Island, and its first postmaster, who removed to Exeter, Obscuro Co., N. Y., in 1837.

The subject of this notice was born on Block Island in 1817, taught school here for one or more terms, subsequently attended a select school in Hertwick, N. Y., and in 1844 was employed by the firm of Jereimiah and Nathaniel Briggs, who were located in N. Y. City, and engaged in the forwarding and transporting business. He married Miss Jane M. Bradley of Staten Island, and while living there was elected Superintendent of the Seamen's Friend and Retreat. Removing to New Brunswick, N. J., he became business manager for George Aspinwall, Esq., a position which he held until Mr. Aspinwall's death, receiving many substantial marks of the favor and confidence with which he was regarded by his employer. He subsequently removed to Bordentown, N. J., and was elected mayor of that city for three years, and in 1865 was elected State Senator for three years. He was for many years Inspector and Collector of the Delaware and Raritan Canal Co., a position of great responsibility, and he has for a long time been largely interested in steamboats, a director in the Penn. Steam Towing and Transporting Co., and has also been engaged in banking. In February, 1876, he was elected State Treasurer, to which position he was twice re-elected, his last term of office expiring the present year.

Mr. Wright was a man of dignified and commanding presence, of great executive ability, and of unchallenged honesty. He leaves a widow and five children, three sons and two daughters. Both of the latter are married. His sudden death is a great affliction to his bereaved family, and to the community of which he was so prominent and honored a member. Appended are some extracts from the Bordentown Register of Jan. 16th, relative to the death of Mr. Wright.

The roads on the island are in a very bad condition. The mud is deep and in some places it is almost impossible to get along. The farmers are hoping for an early Spring.

On last Monday afternoon, another large and imposing funeral took place in our city—that of our much regretted townsmen, State Treasurer Wright. The train from Philadelphia and New York brought friends in large numbers, many of whom were prominent public men. Amongst these were Gov. Abbott, ex-Gov. Ludlow, Gov. Sewall, Hon. John P. Stockton, George Stockton, Richard Stevens, William Graham, Esq., of Philadelphia, State Superintendent Aspinwall, State Prison Keeper Laverty, and many other officials from Trenton and elsewhere. The Board of Directors of the Bordentown Bank attended in a body, and our townsmen turned out in large numbers to pay the last tribute to one whose large hearted generosity and strict business integrity will long be remembered with gratitude and pride.

The remains were encased in a handsome casket of red cedar, covered with black cloth and lined with white satin. The floral offerings were varied and beautiful. A large pillow with the word "Father" was the chief piece, besides which were a sickle, a wreath, a sheaf of wheat, a cross, etc., all handsome and appropriate.

The services were conducted by the Rev. W. L. Kirk, Phila., former pastor of the Baptist church here, which Captain Wright attended. Mr. Kirk's sermon was beautiful in thought and diction, dwelling chiefly on the shortness and uncertainty of life and the necessity of leaning on God for support and comfort in trials and sorrow. He referred to the dead as ones whose force of character had raised them "to a high position of trust that had never been broken or dishonored."

The pall bearers were the Bank directors, who preceded the hearse and the caskets were the members of our City Council. The remains were interred in the Bordentown Cemetery.

It is needless to add that the bereaved family have the sympathy of the whole community in their great affliction.

At a stated meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bordentown Banking Company, held at their Banking House, on the ninth day of January, 1885, the President having announced the death of Captain George M. Wright, late one of the Directors of said Company, on motion, Garret S. Cannon, Henry H. Longstreet and John W. McNight were appointed committee to prepare and report a suitable minute in reference thereto. On the 13th inst., said committee reported the following, which was unanimously adopted and directed to be published in the Bordentown Register:

"This Board has heard with profound sorrow of the decease of Captain George M. Wright, for nearly sixteen years past an active and useful director of this Company; we feel that by his death we have lost a genial associate and friend, who was ever ready to promote the best interests of this institution; the State a zealous and efficient officer, and this community a public spirited and generous citizen. We tender our sincere condolence to his afflicted widow and children on their irreparable loss."

Resolved, That a copy of the above properly engraved and attested by its officers, be sent by the Cashier to the widow of said deceased.

EXPRESSIONS OF REGRET, BY THE STATE OF PINEHURST—RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The Executive Chamber at the State Capital was well-filled at 11 o'clock Friday morning with State Officers, who had come together to take action relative to the death of the late State Treasurer, George M. Wright. The meeting was called to order by Comptroller Anderson. Among those

present were Attorney General John P. Stockton, Adjutant General Stryker, Quartermaster General Pendleton, Clerk of the Supreme Court Lee, Clerk in Chancery Duryea, Private Secretary Fisk, State Librarian Hamilton, Auditor Adjutant General Dickinson, State Prison Keeper Laverty, Supervisor Moore, Clerk of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Bishop, Comptroller of the Sinking Fund Badine and State Assessor Battle. In the absence of Gov. Abbott, Secretary of State Kelley presided. State Superintendent Aspinwall was appointed Secretary. On motion of the Attorney General, a committee on resolutions was appointed, the Chairman being Messrs. Stockton, Anderson and Duryea. After a few minutes absence, the committee returned with the following expression, which was unanimously adopted:

"The State officers of New Jersey learn with deep regret of the death, on Thursday, January 8th, 1885, of their friend and associate, State Treasurer George M. Wright.

Mr. Wright had been constantly in office as State Treasurer for nearly nine years, and was universally respected and esteemed by his fellow officers as well as by the people. He was always courteous and kind, generous in just, and a faithful servant of the State and its important interests of the State with which he was charged. He was a faithful public servant and a good citizen.

Resolved, That we will close our offices on the day of the funeral; and attend the funeral in a body, wearing the appropriate emblem of mourning."

In speaking of the resolutions, Attorney General Stockton made a very feeling address. He referred to the pain of parting from a friend and associate. It was too sad a time even for eulogy. Only the other day the State House had been draped in mourning for one who was the neighbor of him for whom the marks of woe were again raised.

Mr. Wright had fallen asleep gently and peacefully without pain. He died after passing through an honorable and virtuous life, respected by all who knew him; leaving behind him children who have been brought up to be respected in the community. He has passed away from this life as blessedly as mortals can leave it, for in the words of the poet,

"Come in the morning, evening, night or noon,
Death which comes to all, comes to all too soon."

The touching manner of the Attorney General's remarks had a visible effect on everyone in the little gathering. Comptroller Anderson added a commendation of Treasurer Wright as a public officer, a man of noble heart and warm feelings. State Assessor Aspinwall thought the resolutions deficient in their failure to provide that enclosed copies be sent to the family of the deceased, but Major Anderson answered that this deficiency was only on the surface. Enclosed copies would be sent, but it had not been thought necessary to repeat the stereotyped form in resolutions. The meeting then adjourned.

G. S. Cannon and J. B. Woodward, on behalf of the trustees of the late State Treasurer Wright, aided by Col. W. P. McMichael, and in conjunction with Treasurer Blackwell and his chief clerk, made a thorough examination of the securities and other assets in the State Treasury Department on Tuesday last, and found everything correct and in excellent shape.

MIDDLETON.
The Republicans of Middletown will hold a caucus in the Town Hall, Friday evening, March 18, at 7:30 o'clock, to nominate two delegates to attend the State Convention in Providence, Thursday, the 19th inst.

The roads on the island are in a very bad condition. The mud is deep and in some places it is almost impossible to get along. The farmers are hoping for an early Spring.

Sunday, the first of March, was a damp, raw day and the attendance at the M. E. church at Four Corners was very light. Owing to the rainfall in the evening there were no services.

The grand social of the A. W. P. Society took place at Oakland Hall last evening and proved a perfect success. There was a large number present. Quite a number of gentlemen from Newport the "Pink Ribbon" Society were present in full regalia. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and the music of the New Hampshire Band was fine. Dancing was continued until morning. Refreshments were served by Mr. Gifford to all who wished.

This locality seems to be quite a point of interest to our city neighbors. Here we often meet the sportsman looking for game, the merchant looking for rest, and quite a number for a good time. During the past week our neighborhood has been visited by Col. John Rogers, who made a short visit at the residence of Mr. Wm. H. Sherman, where he entertained the neighbors with several organ recitals and also some fine shooting.

The topic of conversation at present is the rumor about the removal of the Fall River Stage Route, and stages to connect the State Post Office with Bristol Ferry run instead. This will be a wrong move entirely, as the Fall River stage has proved of great service to the residents of this locality, and will be much missed from this entire side. The mail facilities will be disarranged, as the mail now received at 9 A.M. will not be received until afternoon, and the many chances to have errands as well as express matter forwarded be stopped. Those who are interested on this side of the turn should attend to this matter and use their influence to stop such a move. Be sure and sign the remonstrance circulating.

PORTSMOUTH.—
Bathers.—On Sunday last we saw the first Rio-birds, the fore-runner of Spring.

Mr. Messrs. Geo. B. Coggeshall, William Borden and Henry C. Anthony of this town, and Joseph Coggeshall of Middletown, returned from their visit to New Orleans, on Saturday the 28th ult.

Mr. Jacob Almy has sold his estate on the Glen Road, containing about two acres and buildings thereon, to Mr. Edward P. Brown.

Seldom if ever has there been a more pleasant and social company in Oak Island Hall than was assembled on Wednesday evening last, to join in the mazy dance, to the excellent music rendered by the New Hampshire orchestra.

Resolved, That a copy of the above properly engraved and attested by its officers, be sent by the Cashier to the widow of said deceased.

EXPRESSIONS OF REGRET, BY THE STATE OF PINEHURST—RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The Executive Chamber at the State Capital was well-filled at 11 o'clock Friday morning with State Officers, who had come together to take action relative to the death of the late State Treasurer, George M. Wright. The meeting was called to order by Comptroller Anderson. Among those

NEW ENGLAND ITEMS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

At Nantucket's town meeting the vote upon the license question resulted in the adoption of license by a vote of 200 to 75. Resolutions were unanimously adopted expressing the appreciation of the citizens of the act of the late Charles O'Connor, in paying the debt of the town, over \$6200.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The new residence for the bishop of Manchester will contain sixty rooms and be one of the finest in New Hampshire.

The office of the Morning Star, the organ of the Free Will Baptists, located in Dover for thirty years, will be moved to Boston before September next.

The Laconia Car Company at Laconia finished the gallows for the State prison Monday, to be used for the first time April 17 in the execution of Thomas Samon, the Laconia triple murderer. Over 1600 applications have been made to Sheriff Story to witness the execution.

New Advertisements.

Annual Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Island Cemetery will be held at the State House, Monday Evening, March 16, at 8 o'clock.

H. C. STEVENS, Secretary.

2-7

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE MEMBERS of the firm formerly existing under the name of Alfred Smith & Son, hereby give notice that said firm has been dissolved.

Newport, R. I., March 6, 1884.

A. PRESCOTT BAKER,
SUCCESSOR TO
ALFRED SMITH & SONS.
57 BELLEVUE AVENUE,
Newport, R. I.

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A New Line

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